

**THAT 70s COP SHOW**

Stage play for 7 actors (5M/2F)

**Synopsis:**

**Detective Inspector Tom Coppa** inhabits a murky 1970s world of blags, slags, motors and shooters. Accompanied by his trusty sidekick – **Detective Sergeant Jerry Plodd**, there's nothing he loves better than nicking villains, apart from sleeping with their wives. Only one villain has continuously outwitted him – upper crust criminal mastermind **Champagne Charlie**.

Having fallen into an alcohol induced coma, Coppa and Plodd awake 30 years later to find themselves under the command of an ice cool female boss - **Chief Superintendent Detective Inspector Dame Helen Mutton**. They are tasked with solving a bizarre spate of serial killings. Can they solve the case, nick the killer and get their legs over before the pubs close?

**Extract**

*(Lights up on a desk strewn with papers, mugs, plastic cups and empty Scotch bottles. TOM COPPA is sprawled across it – snoring loudly. JERRY PLODD enters and knocks on the desk. COPPA snores even louder. PLODD shakes him.)*

PLODD: Guv. Wake up, Guv.

*(COPPA stirs and raises his head gingerly from the desk.)*

COPPA: Oh, it's you, Jerry.

PLODD: Who did you expect – Little Red Riding Hood? *(Does Little Red Riding Hood impression.)* My, Grandma, what big bloodshot mince pies you've got.

COPPA: Piss off and let me go back to sleep. Before you so rudely interrupted me I was dreaming about Pan's People in mud.

PLODD: Kinky.

COPPA: Not really. They were singing backing vocals on *Tiger Feet*.

PLODD: Seriously though, Guv, what's with the old Rip Van Winkle act? When you left the boozier you said you were havin' an early night.

COPPA: Indeed I did, Jeremiah old son. By nine o'clock last night I was in bed alright. I was getting my leg over with that bird off the coffee commercial. You know the one – Diane... *(Clicks fingers.)*

PLODD: Keen.

COPPA: Keen? She was downright insatiable.

*(COPPA and PLODD both turn their heads to the audience.)*

COPPA/PLODD: *(In unison.)* Sl-a-a-a-g!

PLODD: So what are you doing 'ere then?

COPPA: I came in to look for something...something important.

*(COPPA starts rummaging through the contents of his desk.)*

PLODD: Not that vital piece of evidence that would have proved Billy "Blagger" Smith couldn't possibly have committed that building society job for which he received a twelve stretch?

COPPA: No. More important than that. Although now you mention it – I've just seen that vital piece of evidence somewhere. *(Extracts a piece of paper from the debris.)* Here we are. Fax that over to the CPS and see if they'll give old Billy a Royal pardon.

PLODD: It's a bit late for that, Guv. "Blagger" topped himself in Parkhurst last Wednesday.

COPPA: Oh, well – win some, lose some.

*(He screws the "evidence" into a ball.)*

PLODD: On me 'ead, Guv.

*(COPPA throws the paper ball at PLODD who heads it.)*

COPPA: Crikey, Plodd. It's a wonder you haven't been invited for trials down White Hart Lane.

PLODD: No, but I've been invited to a trial up the Old Bailey next week. I'm giving evidence against Terry Banks.

COPPA: What, Banks who did the warehouse job?

PLODD: No, Banks who did the safe job. You're confusing him with Terry Warehouse who done the bank job.

COPPA: But I thought Warehouse did the factory job?

PLODD: No, Terry Safe done the factory job. You're mixing him up with Terry Factory who done the van job.

COPPA: I thought Morrison did the van job?

PLODD: No, you're thinking of Van Morrison who did *Brown Eyed Girl*.

COPPA: So where's the brown eyed girl now? In a safe house?

PLODD: Er, no, Guv. Van Morrison made her up.

COPPA: Well in that case you'd better nick Morrison for wasting police time. And while you're at it, nick the rest of them too.

PLODD: Who?

COPPA: No, not The Who. Them – Morrison's old backing band.

PLODD: Why, what have they done?

COPPA: Since he went solo – fuck all. But that's not the point. We're five minutes into the episode and we haven't nicked anyone yet.

PLODD: I nicked myself shaving this morning, Guv. You should have seen it. There was claret everywhere. It was like *Psycho* in Technicolor.

COPPA: Nice one, Jerry.

*(COPPA and PLODD "high five". COPPA goes back to rummaging through his desk.)*

COPPA: Now, where did I put that important thing...Aha! Got it! Great, there's still some left.

*(COPPA holds up a half empty bottle of whisky.)*

PLODD: 'ere, Guv, what you got there?

COPPA: Breakfast!

*(He tips the contents of the bottle down his throat.)*